

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON:

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1843.

Letters from the Editor. No. II.

NORTHAMPTON, August 2, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND—In addition to the anti-slavery observance of the 11th ultimo, in this town, there was a public temperance celebration on the part of the Cold Water Army, Martha Washingtonians, &c. In the procession, there were not less than seven or eight hundred children, with badges and banners—a very pleasing spectacle. It was gratifying to perceive, that, strong as is the aristocratic spirit in this quarter, no distinction was made among them on account of complexion. Colored children were not only allowed to walk in the procession, but in some instances were coupled with white ones; and I saw no token of contempt or disparagement among the numerous spectators. 'This is progress,' I said to myself, abolition progress. True, to cease from a cowardly and wicked persecution of the weak and innocent is not a very meritorious act; but it is an indication, in a case like this, that the spirit of humanity has not labored in vain for the last ten years, and that justice and equality shall yet be established in our borders. The picnic was held in a beautiful orchard, and was beautifully supplied with choice refreshments. The Courier states that there were about four hundred loaves, or, as estimated by one gentleman, a ton of cake, upon the tables! Plain food would have been better, on such an occasion; but there are comparatively few who have yet learnt to be temperate in all things. The temperance cause has had its days of persecution and reproach, (I remember them well), but it is now riding on the topmost wave of popularity, and all classes are doing homage to it. Public opinion has signed the teetotal pledge, and hence, priests and politicians, and all who seek honor one of another, are now graciously disposed to patronize it, and to manage the whole movement. This fact was strikingly illustrated in the celebration alluded to. To show you how much the people had to do with it, I send you the following order of services, which I presume was followed without variation:

1st, Music by the Band, 2d, Prayer by Rev. William Allen, D. D. 3d, Song by the Cold Water Army. 4th, Address by the Rev. Rufus Ellis. 5th, Song by the Glee Club. 6th, Address by the Rev. E. P. Rogers. 7th, Music by the Band. 8th, Address by Rev. H. D. Doolittle. 9th, Song by the Cold Water Army. 10th, Address by the Rev. Orange Clark. 11th, Song by the Glee Club. 12th, Address by Rev. Charles Wiley. 13th, Music by the Band. 14th, Refreshments. 15th, Songs by the Cold Water Army.

Six speakers, and not a layman among them—all none but clergymen! What will become of the temperance enterprise, if it be entrusted to such hands? Look at that order of services again! You see in it the contrivance of Sect, as well as of Craft. Every religious denomination in the town furnishes its priestly representative, excepting the Methodist, the omission not being intentional. It was not a meeting at which the people could have any chance to be heard, or free speech could be uttered with any simplicity and plainness. No provision was made for any but ordained and divine speakers. How these spoke I do not know; but, doubtless, to the gratification of Sect, and the furtherance of Craft. As an old teetotaler, I protest against every such arrangement. If the clergy will have one day in seven, in which to harangue the people, without let or hindrance, I think it is rather a hard case if the people cannot be allowed at least one day in the year especially on the fourth of July, on which to talk with each other, in public assembly, on matters pertaining to their dearest interests. That seventh day monopoly is one of terrible power and injustice, that ought not to be tolerated one hour longer; nor would it be a good thing, if it were given in spirit to behold the time when it will be universally seen in its true character, and repudiated in the name of Christianity; and when they who are determined to uphold it shall become

'Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty!'

The 'Washingtonian movement' is, as yet, to a very considerable extent, under clerical management, which will be the death of it, unless the laity take full possession of it; and just so far as they are daring to do so, are the clergy withdrawing their countenance from it. J. M. Sargent complains that the Washingtonians are beginning to discard religious formalities and the aid (?) of the priesthood, at their meetings, and even to hold their meetings in the open field on Sunday, before the sun goes down; but the complaint arises from a superstitious attachment to a religion that 'comes by observation,' and instead of being just cause of alarm or grief, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times, in regard to the certainty of human progress. But let the true Washingtonians understand, that a persistence in this course, on their part, will bring down upon their heads the anathemas of these holy usurpers, and they will be branded as 'infidels' of a dangerous character—the more dangerous, because they, in imitation of one Jesus of Nazareth, are going about, doing good. Many will be induced to leave their ranks, but their cause will only make better progress.

By the term 'clergy' or 'priesthood,' I wish to be understood not preachers of truth, but the leaders of sects; such as claim to be divinely appointed in a sense that places them above, and the people below; such as practically array themselves against human equality, and claim, by virtue of their office or position, the confidence and respect of the community.

Yesterday was the anniversary of a day that has given birth to the most extraordinary and glorious event of the present century, the celebration of which will doubtless be observed until not a slave be left to clank his chain in any part of the world. I wanted to be at the great gathering of anti-slavery spirits at Dedham—at the convention in Lowell—and wherever jubilee meetings were held on that day; but I could only be in one place, and at one meeting; and found it more convenient to be here than anywhere else. We made application, through a large committee, for the First Congregational meeting-house—one of the most commodious in the Commonwealth—with very little hope of success; but our request was granted, (not without hesitancy and fear on the part of the parish committee), and we accordingly occupied it all day. Our meetings were not thronged, as they ought to have been, and as they would have been, if the clergymen of the place had exerted themselves to induce the people to attend; but, though few of the village residents were present, a respectable number convened from the neighboring towns, the members of the Industrial Community turned out en masse, in true abolition style. Our widely and worthily known colored friend, David ROGERS, was called to the chair, and presided in a very satisfactory manner. Until he was afflicted with ophthalmia, he devoted himself to the task of breaking the fetters of his oppressed countrymen with indomitable courage and unconquerable zeal. His sight is somewhat better, but far from being restored,

the loss of which affects not only himself, but very seriously the cause of the hunted fugitive. F. E. D. Hudson and Frances Judd acted as Secretaries. As usual, at the opening of the meeting, an opportunity was given for vocal prayer; but no one was moved to improve it. And this is now a customary occurrence in all our reformation meetings, in which such a course is pursued, whether in the city, or in the country. This omission of a religious formality, which has so long enslaved the human mind, and which is the product of any thing but the true spirit of prayer, is another hopeful sign, though it will cause formalists and pharisees to groan in spirit, and to lift up their hands in holy horror. It also shows how purely mechanical and ceremonial this mode of extorting vocal prayer has been, and is, as generally adopted; for when reliance on the priest ceases, and no one is urged to go through with the performance, the result is usually silence, though many devout souls are present. The public praying in our land is far from being in accordance with the teachings and example of Christ, and is manifestly done to be seen of men.

In the forenoon, an elaborate and instructive address was delivered by Prof. WILLIAM ADAM, in which the leading features of the anti-slavery movement in England, and the glorious results of West India emancipation, were delineated in a manner that gave high satisfaction to the audience. I hope to procure this address for publication in the Liberator, and am sure it will be read with pleasure and deep interest.

In the afternoon, addresses were made by James Boyle, our truly noble-minded friend Sumner Lincoln, (formerly of Gardiner,) Thomas Hill, (a promising young man, belonging to the 'Community,') Wm. F. Parker, Stephen Rush, and myself. The address by young Hill was well conceived and well spoken, and evinced a growing intellectual and moral capacity. Parker and Rush are also members of the 'Community.' The latter is a fugitive from the land of chains, whips and bowie knives, and six months ago stood under the lash of the driver as a beast of burden. He has made great proficiency in reading and writing since he came here, and has conducted in a very exemplary manner. His heart was full of gratitude to God, and he found it difficult to give utterance to his feelings on the occasion; but he spoke sensibly and earnestly, in the spirit of one who had worn the galling shackles of bondage, and who was rejoicing in the blessings of liberty. He said that he was induced to run away by hearing of Latimer's case; and that as Massachusetts had given succor and protection to George Latimer, he thought he would try his luck in the same manner. He was also induced the more readily to escape, by hearing his master and other slaveholders cursing the abolitionists, of whom he formed a high opinion from that circumstance.

Several choice anti-slavery hymns were sung between the addresses, with the spirit and understanding also. I trust a salutary impression was made on all present. This ended our observance of the first of August in Northampton.

Yours, in haste,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

O'Connell.

We wish we had space to keep even a slight record of the progress of the Repeal movement in Great Britain. Not in Ireland alone is the agitation going on. Parliament itself is convulsed by it. Every body knows what is meant by 'young France.' A similar power is rising in Great Britain. When the devoted labor of one generation have awakened thought and dispelled prejudice, the next rises free from apathy and ignorance, and can spend its untarnished strength upon the work which its predecessors were obliged to spend theirs in making a road for. 'Young England' is the field. Success to her every effort. Let her not shrink away from him who has prepared the way before her, for nearly half a century; who has educated his countrymen in that time, that now, in a state of fierce national animosity and debasing ignorance, the fruit of oppression, and the brutal ignorance resulting from detestable theories, are ready to be again begun. Let no man call O'Connell 'a mere demagogue,' since his firm adhesion to the principles on which repeal is grounded, in its application to the case of the American slaves, and after this idea of the appointment of arbitrators in each village to perform without compensation the labors of magistrates. The first was a proof of moral fidelity which only a faithful man would have seen or felt the necessity of giving. The last was a master-stroke of legislative genius: the thought of a great captain—a great leader—a great man. Let him go on in this way, and he will soon be freed from the last remnant of political necessity which makes statesmen insincere. Where are the intellects of those who can think of the 'repeal bill' only as a fund extracted from the people by an artful knave for his own maintenance? Do they think a man can be hand and eye for a bound and blinded people without their cooperation and aid? England dreads this new element of non-resistance. The premier could put down an insurrection—It is harder to put down a people. It is to be hoped that those who do not see its beauty and its truth and its power as a principle, now see its expediency. Thus has the land been aroused for freedom in the United States. Let partisans follow its course, quarrelling to gather its harvest into their garner, if they will; let them not strive, as they value their existence, to supersede or turn it back.

'Young America' is beginning to be seen in the anti-slavery field. 'The infants of Providence' who raised \$100 for George Thompson's mission in this country, are now young men and women; and the Liberator never can go down while they live. In six years what a rich infusion of life will the children now fifteen years of age be, in the affairs of Church and State. Some will work within them, hoping to obtain as great a power of usefulness as those passed without. These will do much. But the true, perfect plan is to come out. O'Connell in parliament is merely an M. P. O'Connell out of parliament may be the savior of Ireland; and if Ireland is saved, England will be too. Her institutions are failing under her, as all arbitrary ones are doing the world over. Let no one think to stand and see a salvation here, or any where, which he does not help to bring about. All of us can give sympathy to O'Connell while he is true to his own principles. We do not know him; we never saw him. It matters not. We should never have heard of him but for his having identified himself with the wronged and the suffering. That he has done so, is all we know of him. But we should bid him God speed in the work of raising a noble people from wrongs and sufferings which yield in depth and intensity only to those of the American slaves.—W. W. C.

□ The admirable letter of 'the old man eloquent,' on our first page, will be read with thrilling delight by every true friend of freedom. The benedictions of millions ready to perish, next to the approbation of his God, will be his highest reward.

A Proposition.

The General Agent would be most happy to exchange receipts, with delinquent subscribers, for a quantity of specie or good bank notes. The present season of the year is one we have the most difficulty in meeting the demands upon us; and, unless our subscribers adopt the above system of exchange, the Community turned out en masse, in true abolition style. Our widely and worthily known colored friend, David ROGERS, was called to the chair, and presided in a very satisfactory manner. Until he was afflicted with ophthalmia, he devoted himself to the task of breaking the fetters of his oppressed countrymen with indomitable courage and unconquerable zeal. His sight is somewhat better, but far from being restored,

Boston, 17th August, 1843.

Dedham Picnic in Continuation.

The next speech in order was that of the Rev. Caleb Stetson, of Medford. His hearty cheerfulness, of word and manner, and his evident sincerity, occasioned him to be warmly applauded, on his appearance. Those abolitionists who have been long in the field would rejoice to think with him that before a year is at an end, the whole Unitarian body will be with us. But their experience and observation tell them that a prophetic year is likely to be seven; as much is the thing foretold to which we look forward; and also that men never come up, in bodies, to the work of reforming a nation, till that work is well-nigh accomplished. Each comes individually, as Mr. Stetson has done, sooner or later, according to the readiness of his mind, the wakefulness of his conscience, the weakness of his temptations, or the strength of his soul. Mr. Stetson has not waited for any body else, in order to declare himself. God bless and strengthen him to do a year's work for the cause, while others are getting ready to take the field. We have learned one other thing by experience: that the adoption of resolutions in Congregational association, is not taking the field, in all cases; and consequently the Unitarian and all other denominations are judged by their actions—the true standard. We leave to Mr. Stetson whether they do not now stand in the attitude of the popjany on the field of Shrewsbury, talking to those who, having fought the day through, stand leaning upon their swords for a breathing space, smothering with many words.

'And when the soldiers bear dead bodies by,
He called them untaught churls unmanly;
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility!
And in his hand he held a pious-box,
Which ever and anon he gave his nose,
And told them that the 'overgrown' thing on earth
Was purgatory for an inward brose.'

Oh that the Unitarians would consider now the things that belong to their eternal peace, and all do, jointly and severally, as Samuel J. May, and Robert F. Walcutt, and John Parkman, and John Pierpont have done. Had they done so, they would perhaps have seen as little reason as these have done to spend their strength in dividing the blame of slavery between the slaveholders and the abolitionists.

Repeatedly have Calvinistic Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, &c. come up, in the sight of the people, upon the anti-slavery platform,—and as often have they shrunk back in alarm at finding themselves the mark of a thousand venomous arrows; and after sacrificing the abolitionists to make their peace, have fallen back and been lost again among the apologists for slavery, in their various sets.

When the Unitarian body comes next year, may it not be for the purpose of going away again. Every body who has ever heard of the anti-slavery movement, has heard, by name, of the Clerical Appeal. That was a movement of the Orthodox Congregationalists, coming in sight of the cause and going away again. The Andover graduating class of theology of that year tried to advance in a body, and certainly retreated in a body. [See their documents of that period—1837.] Abolitionists hope better things, of every advancing band. But we know more than these young men know, about the temptations of the field of labor they are about to enter. They will be tempted to hold back any declaration of their sentiments till they get settled—then to hold back till they have got some influence and can bring the whole parish over in a body next year: then to discourage anti-slavery efforts in their parishes because they are theirs and because they are 'wise and prudent,' and abolitionists imprudent and not wise. They will be involved in the strong 'cotton web' that runs through the land. They will wish to keep up the credit of their denomination amidst the surrounding ones, by not practically finding in their faces on the subject. They will find a stronger tie than the cotton one, binding these;—that tie, namely, of irreligious connexion with slaveholders at the South which forbids action here. They will find still stronger obstacle in the hypocritical marching on their parts, of those whose object it is to get up a body of justificatory statistics in behalf of the 'religious public.' A public whose sin cannot be explained away nor calculated away, but which, so long as slaves are held in the United States, is the effectual and most guilty slaveholder, though, Pilate-like, it is phyllophagous.

These considerations, and not the ostensible ones of 'harsh language'—denunciation 'want of love,' &c. on the part of abolitionists, are the reasons for the ridiculous positions of some of the religious bodies, who stand on the other side while the slaveholder is trampling on his victim, and declare that they cannot try to effect a rescue, because they are repelled by one who earnestly declares his opinion of the character of that act, and the character of the actor, and helps the weak in his struggle with the strong. There are other religious bodies, which, because they are based on doctrine, and the anti-slavery body on practice, feel the antagonism of the two, and bend their strength to the work of dividing abolitionists from each other, and destroying their basis of action, under the allegation that Jews must have no dealings with Samaritans. If that it occasions divisions and threatens the existence of the body to which they belong, for anti-slavery to be preached, they are bound to smother anti-slavery and save the church; (bad as they acknowledge her to be—still the light of the world.)

These are they who, when hard pushed by conscience, turn to politics; finding it very easy to call a man an abolitionist, and then vote for him; and very difficult to be 'instant in season and out of season' in establishing by word and deed, a deep sense of the immoral character of slavery, its perpetrators and apologists. Few have love enough to go through the painful work of reform. It is far easier to prove that we need no repentance, and that all things are pretty well as they are. Slowly, under the influence of the strongest motives of love for the human race, and conviction of its omnipotence, have abolitionists come to the conclusion in which they abide in immovable peace;—that the truth respecting slavery and slaveholders must be spoken, however it may make them hated who speak it, or slavery can never be abolished. They rely with unquenchable faith, upon the might of the word; and without wishing, any more than Mr. Stetson, to start a theological controversy, they long since determined that wherever they found it made flesh and dwelling among them, they would recede, and identify themselves with it.

We have kept the readers of the Liberator longer than we meant, from Mr. Stetson's excellent speech, a part of the tone of which we understand as descriptive of his own state of mind, and of that of the body to which he belongs.

Mr. Jackson introduced Mr. Stetson of Medford, who was received by the audience with warm demonstrations of satisfaction. He spoke as follows:—
Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I ought not to apologize for appearing before you, for I have been asked to do so. But I am bound to apologize that, having been asked, I have not prepared myself to speak. But the cause ought to inspire even a man seldom inspired.

I have been deeply interested in what my brother has shown in print as proving that freedom is working better than slavery. I am able to offer some additional testimony which I fortunately obtained in conversation with a gentleman whom I met not long since, Dr. SARGENT of Jamaica, whom I saw on his return from England, whither he had been sent to procure some relief from the planters, in addition to the £20,000,000 already given them by the British government.—
'What is the difficulty?'—I said to him—'that you wish to be relieved from?'—'Why, it is simply this,' he said; 'we cannot get laborers to get in our crops; and I have been sent to concert measures in England for the relief of the landholders. This gentleman was highly intelligent, and qualified by his long residence and proprietorship in Jamaica to speak of every thing concerning it. His income was said to be 100,000

dollars per annum. He looked, too, like a high-minded and noble-spirited man. At least, he had given him physical proportions corresponding to that character. I said to him, 'well, I suppose your emancipated negroes want work, and are filling the land with riot and licentiousness?' (Not that I believed this by any means—but I was willing to pump him a little; it was not an opportunity to lose of getting information.) 'Not at all—not at all,' he replied. They are willing enough to work, but they have lands of their own, and raise all manner of products, and they are sometimes too busy to come and work for us. They behave well—better than we should do ourselves, in like circumstances. But they are fond of good housekeeping, have excellent tables, and are under no necessity to leave their own lands to work for us. The truth of it is, we are short-handed; that's all. They want a great many things, and as civilization advances, they will continue to want more and more. Now when I get home, said he, pointing to an elegant London coat, made by Stulze, which adorned his ample person, 'my neighbor will see this, and will want one exactly like it.'

The emancipated slaves are fast imitating the customs of their former masters. I could wish that they might imitate only the good ones. There are some things which free men do, which I should hope they might never imitate.

Here is testimony, then, corresponding exactly with what was read by my brother, to the virtue, the happiness and the progress in civilization of this people since emancipation. 'You mean then to say that it is working well,' I repeated. 'Certainly; we only complain of a temporary difficulty in getting labor enough.' Now what better proof of prosperity can there be than a demand for labor? I see here men who look as if they could handle the axe, the auger and the screw.—I ask you if you were carrying your labor to market, which would it please you best to find there, a hundred laborers standing idle, waiting to be hired or a hundred men inquiring for laborers? I have said enough surely to satisfy you. I myself was satisfied before hearing of these things, that the abolition of any sin must work well. As long as there's a God in heaven, and while it remains a law of man's being to apprehend the right, as his chief good, it always will work well, no matter if a wrong method has been taken, as you say, to make you feel that you have done wrong. Nay, suppose the immediate result in this case had been the complete depopulation of the W. I. Islands? Suppose they had been completely destroyed in consequence? It would have been a cause of deep grief; but would it have been as deplorable as to see one half of that population (unhappy men) obliged to draw their subsistence from the earth by driving the other wretched half to the reluctant labor of tilling it for them?—That is the worst sight that a man can see—I believe it is a life—for I believe that the least wrong is worse than the greatest suffering. In the language of the venerable Dr. Channing—cotton and sugar are not the chief end of man, supposing there were less of them than before emancipation. No! I say no matter for the result: let justice be done, though the heavens fall. Let justice be done, and man be free! free from all causes of evil of himself, that he may be the better to overcome the causes of evil in his own being.

I believe in the omnipotent power of love to effect still greater things than these. They are only a prelude to that universal emancipation which shall go on till slavery shall be unknown in the whole earth. I can believe it because I believe in the living God, who has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and in Jesus Christ, who first distinctly announced to mankind the great truth that God is his father, and regards all as his children. I believe that great Brother of man had distinctly in view, when he announced this truth, the coming of the kingdom of love. Already it is at hand. Already do we see its fore-splendors. Its star of hope rises towards the zenith, and all other forces recede before the omnipotent power of love. It is indeed omnipotent—but then to be so it must be omnipresent. Love includes justice. God is love. This is the highest expression of the divine character which ever fell from the lips of man—the highest of which human speech is capable: and will such a being suffer his creatures to live by opposing another? Will he suffer his bright angels to bondage? Before I can believe it I must renounce my belief in both Christianity and natural religion; for I could not stand in a cathedral like this without believing in a living and ever-present God—shining down upon us through these stirring leaves—breathing on us in this warm wind, and smiling on us from all this beautiful nature that surrounds us. I believe that God is my father, and that it is contrary to his will that I should be crushed by oppression. We should feel with Christ that we must do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and we must say with him to the slaveholder, 'inasmuch as you have cramped the mind and crushed the soul of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me.' I do believe that slavery is worse than a thousand deaths, if a man could die so many. Yet I would rather be the crushed and whipped slave, than the man who says he owns him. But we owe the master too an affectionate consideration. He is more to be pitied than the slave. He too is our brother. Shall we say that he is not? Because a man sins, is he to be thrust out from our sympathies? No. I would beg him to let the chain, for his own sake—for his children's sake—for his country's sake. I would beg him to renounce all the fancied temporal advantages of the system of holding human beings in bondage, and cease to live a lie by using that as property which cannot, in the nature of men and things, be property. If the laws of his State will not allow him to emancipate, let him run away. (Applause.) Or he can say to his slaves, you may work for me, and I will pay you. Or, you may run away, and I will never seek you. It is in vain to say that, where a wrong relation exists it cannot be set right; but let us not forget what the plaster suffers. I would let no expression escape me but what love dictates. I would avoid everything which even seems to differ from the dictates of evangelical love, as injurious. Let us never manifest an angry spirit, but speak with as much of love, and more of compassion of those who crucified Jesus as of those who died for their sins by his side. We should let the spirit of love chasten all our speech.

Pardon me, sir, but I know many warm and true hearts which are really ardent in your cause, many whose daily and nightly prayers ascend for its success—many whose hearts are breaking for the wrong and the oppression which surround them, who are yet repelled from you by a certain denunciatory spirit which seems to dictate your expressions when speaking of certain subjects, and who say to you, 'repel us no longer!' I do not mean in what I am now saying to screen the body to which I belong. I do not mean to say that in our whole association I do not know a man whose heart is not right on this subject. But there are very many warm and true hearts who sympathize with you, though but few have come forth to take their places by your side. I bow reverently to those who have done it, though they are but as one to a hundred, and not a single one has joined your society. I only wish to have credit given where credit is due. I am confident that the church is not pro-slavery, for I know that a feeling is at work, which will shortly bring the whole body to your aid; both societies and ministers not yielding to the most ardent of you. But it seems to me that we are not at liberty to denounce one another because we do not see from the same point of view. I would rejoice to see a liberty in all other respects so boundless that every man in the community might speak as he pleased. I would not blame others, but I ask the same liberty for myself. You must let me work in my own way.

But this much I am sure of, that this community is enslaved by cotton. We are governed by a cottonocracy. What with the sale of cotton, the purchase of cotton, the carrying and the manufacturing of cotton, a great many of our clergymen do, I am sure, as it has been remarked to me, receive more than half their salaries from cotton. Its web extends throughout society, holding it in from doing right; but it cannot be speedily broken; or if not broken, it will be burnt. You will hear within a year from this time, many voices which you do not expect. I do believe, that in the denunciation to which I belong, a deep feeling is so actively at work that its effects will surprise you. For seventeen years I have spoken on this subject as I have found occasion. I have done it from a sense of moral obligation, without consulting flesh and blood; I have uttered the word that was burning at my heart; and were it forbidden me I should only speak it the more earnestly. My impulse would be, as Hotspur says, to 'have a stalling taught to speak that word.' I have striven to speak in love, but this subject, it must be acknowledged, something deeply excites in it; and at times, when speaking extempore, I have found myself excited; and the thought has flowed out like lava from Mt. Etna, (to compare a great thing to a little one), and I have lost the sympathy of my hearers, because I was excited, and seemed angry. If we take the words of Jesus, and consider their true meaning and real meaning, we shall find it impossible to show temper in reading them. I do not say that any one has been actuated by temper, but many of what sometimes seem to be. This reminds me of what Bishop Cheverus once told a woman who was conversing with him upon the Christian graces. It is not enough that we have them, he said, we must also seem to have them.

I believe that from every school, every Christian church, and every popular assembly, a solemn protest should be made against slavery. Some may think that this is all they have to do. I pity those who think so, and feel no desire to be active in the work of humanity. But when I see a man who feels for the slave, and whose heart is horror-struck at his wrongs, it is not for me to say when and how he shall manifest it. In the true spirit of Christian liberty, I cannot. But the word will be uttered; and will not this be much?

I hope you will not think me irreverent or heretical if I quote a passage of scripture in a different sense from what I might if I were writing a commentary upon it—I find a sense upon the surface illustrative of what I mean. 'In the beginning was the word—and without it was not any thing made that was made.' The word is the only power that can break off the chains. No good thing has been effected but by speech; but it must be the utterance of love. It must be the true word spoken seasonably—in season and out of season, some one says—be it so, it cannot be out of season, spoken when it shall seem right to utter it. Let us take our stand on the great eternal principles of human rights; not upon any trumpery conventionalisms, which are one thing in Boston, another in N. Orleans, and quite a different thing in this grove, but upon God's truth; and then we are just as strong as he for the throne of the Almighty stands on truth. Truth is immortal! Love is omnipotent. Let truth be spoken in love, then, every person being his own judge when it is right to speak it. Only let us have faith in man. Let us believe that this community is not forever going to bow down to cotton, and all New-England will soon come up to our help, except a few who have no principle, and then we can do without.

It is time I should relieve your patience. I can stop now, and I will do it.

Notice was then given that a collation had been prepared beneath the trees at a short distance. The children were requested to pass within the hollow square formed by the tables, (plentifully and elegantly arranged and ornamented with flowers,) where the marshals of the day took charge of them, and the ladies and gentlemen stood engaged in conversation, in ranks and groups around. Mr. Hall, of Dorchester, then said grace, and a delightful hour having thus passed, all again returned to the amphitheatre, where Mr. Pierpont introduced Charles Follett to the audience, who repeated, with simplicity and feeling, Whittier's lines on the sale of a pious slave.

The following hymn was then sung to the tune of Lutwold's wild chase, by the Misses Fuller and Mr. Richardson:

True comforters are free in the isles of the main!
The chains from their limbs they are flinging!
They stand up as men—never tyrant again!
In the pride of his heart, shall God's image profane!
It is Liberty's song that is ringing!
Hark! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,
'Freedom! holy Freedom! Freedom, our joy is in thee!'

Alas! that to-day, on Columbia's shore,
The groans of her slaves are resounding!
On plains of the South their rich life-blood they pour!
O, Freeman! blest Freeman! your help they implore!
It is Slavery's wail that is sounding!
Hark! loud comes the cry o'er the bounding sea,
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ton, a great many of our clergymen do, I am sure, as it has been remarked to me, receive more than half their salaries from cotton. Its web extends throughout society, holding it in from doing right; but it cannot be speedily broken; or if not broken, it will be burnt. You will hear within a year from this time, many voices which you do not expect. I do believe, that in the denunciation to which I belong, a deep feeling is so actively at work that its effects will surprise you. For seventeen years I have spoken on this subject as I have found occasion. I have done it from a sense of moral obligation, without consulting flesh and blood; I have uttered the word that was burning at my heart; and were it forbidden me I should only speak it the more earnestly. My impulse would be, as Hotspur says, to 'have a stalling taught to speak that word.' I have striven to speak in love, but this subject, it must be acknowledged, something deeply excites in it; and at times, when speaking extempore, I have found myself excited; and the thought has flowed out like lava from Mt. Etna, (to compare a great thing to a little one), and I have lost the sympathy of my hearers, because I was excited, and seemed angry. If we take the words of Jesus, and consider their true meaning and real meaning, we shall find it impossible to show temper in reading them. I do not say that any one has been actuated by temper, but many of what sometimes seem to be. This reminds me of what Bishop Cheverus once told a woman who was conversing with him upon the Christian graces. It is not enough that we have them, he said, we must also seem to have them.

I believe that from every school, every Christian church, and every popular assembly, a solemn protest should be made against slavery. Some may think that this is all they have to do. I pity those who think so, and feel no desire to be active in the work of humanity. But when I see a man who feels for the slave, and whose heart is horror-struck at his wrongs, it is not for me to say when and how he shall manifest it. In the true spirit of Christian liberty, I cannot. But the word will be uttered; and will not this be much?

I hope you will not think me irreverent or heretical if I quote a passage of scripture in a different sense from what I might if I were writing a commentary upon it—I find a sense upon the surface illustrative of what I mean. 'In the beginning was the word—and without it was not any thing made that was made.' The word is the only power that can break off the chains. No good thing has been effected but by speech; but it must be the utterance of love. It must be the true word spoken seasonably—in season and out of season, some one says—be it so, it cannot be out of season, spoken when it shall seem right to utter it. Let us take our stand on the great eternal principles of human rights; not upon any trumpery conventionalisms, which are one thing in Boston, another in N. Orleans, and quite a different thing in this grove, but upon God's truth; and then we are just as strong as he for the throne of the Almighty stands on truth. Truth is immortal! Love is omnipotent. Let truth be spoken in love, then, every person being his own judge when it is right to speak it. Only let us have faith in man. Let us believe that this community is not forever going to bow down to cotton, and all New-England will soon come up to our help, except a few who have no principle, and then we can do without.

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O ye who are blest with fair Liberty's light,
With courage and hope all abounding,
With weapons of love be ye bold for the Right!
By the preaching of truth put Oppression to flight!
Then, your altar triumphant surrounding,
Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out!
'Freedom! holy Freedom! let all the world hear the shout!'

Mr. Allen a very young and interesting speaker, then addressed the audience.

He said that if he should address the audience as abolitionists, he might feel disposed to find fault, as he had ever seen occasion to do in A. S. meetings, in which, however, he must acknowledge his remarks had always been received with much courtesy. But he would address them as friends of freedom, for such a day as this shows us what we have in common rather than wherein we differ. There is not one here who does not agree with abolitionists in principle, though perhaps not in all their measures, but a great truth is working at the heart of the anti-slavery movement which every soul must acknowledge. It is in the name of Freedom that we come together to celebrate the first step of her triumphant progress; and every step we take in the way of duty, discovers whole fields of obligation which we are bound to discharge; including not only freedom for the southern slave, but universal freedom for all mankind.

Mr. Allen spoke with enthusiasm of Great Britain. We were not here to overlook her errors any more than our own, but to gain strength to follow her glorious example. Mr. Allen spoke with much eloquence against Bigotry and Narrowness, and the reporter regrets being so situated in the crowd as to have been unable to take a fuller report.

Mr. ROGERS spoke as follows:

I admire the remarks this morning about the efficacy of speech. It is indeed the one great forming and reforming power. But then to be mighty it must be free. It is not free speech to be permitted to say what the majority think fit to be said; and it seems to me that any rules and regulations about it are in derogation of it. Even the arrangements made here to-day as I look at them, (with the eyes of New Hampshire extravagance, perhaps you will say,) seem to me needless. But we are daily getting rid of needless things: the march is onward, and I bid it God speed.

The friend who prayed this morning said 'the groves were God's first temples.' He might have added 'God's last, and God's only temples.' I am glad to see that we are not separate here, in this temple of God, as we are in the Quaker temples, the men upon one side and the women on the other. Nor as thick as a regard to architectural proportion will possibly admit. I don't see any negro pew in this church. I never did see one in any house of God, universal as they are in the houses ordinary called so. But such houses are not of God. That whole thing belongs to the other side. I don't see any pulpit here. That platform is not a pulpit, for all who love humanity may speak from it. The love of humanity does not necessarily exclude them from it. It does from a</

This image shows a blank, aged page from a book. The paper has a light, off-white color with some minor discoloration and texture. On the right side, there is a dark, textured binding edge, likely made of wood or a similar material, which is slightly worn and shows some grain. The overall appearance is that of an old, unused page.

